

ficient for that—which surely is “going some,” for a dog.

The first word Don speaks is his name. Not much to that—about all you get is the vowel sound. Then, at the command of Madame Haberland, he says “haben,” the German word for “have.” Here one wakes up to the fact that Don really is different from all the other dogs in the world—he says “haben” distinctly, in two conjoined syllables. Not two separated barks, such as any dog might give vent to, when excited, but a fully connected bark, so to speak, in which the vowel sounds are plainly differentiated.

Then comes Don’s most wonderful word, “hunger,” which means the same as in English, but is pronounced somewhat differently. Don speaks it so plainly that the effect on the human listener is nothing less than thrilling. The “h,” of course, is lost. But the two vowels are plain and distinct, and the “r” is plainly audible.

Next don says “kuchen” (cake) and finally he speaks the name of his mistress, Haberland. Here, of course, the conjoining of three syllables into one bark is the remarkable thing. And Don does it, without the shadow of a doubt.

Don is a big, smooth-haired brown dog, 8 years old. Madame Haberland has been exhibiting him in Europe for several years.

By the way, Uncle Joe seems to have gone out with the cannon cracker.

THE REAL HEROES.

That’s an awful mess the Rosenthal murder has stirred up in the New York police department, BUT—

The conduct of Chicago police in bullying, browbeating union newsboys and throwing them in jail without cause is fully as bad.

It would be hard to imagine anything more cowardly and brutal than big, strong policemen helping millionaire publishers fight newsboys who are doing nothing worse than trying to earn an honest living.

It’s bad enough to try to reduce to slavery grown pressmen and stereotypers who are trying to get enough to raise and educate their families, BUT—

It’s a darned sight worse to mass the whole power of government in Chicago against newsboys.

In the present lockout and strike the Chicago newsboys are not only better American citizens than the rich, powerful and cowardly publishers, but the boys are real heroes. They are fighting for principle—the rich publishers are fighting for the dirty dollars.

—o—o—
Flatte—I thought I’d practice on my cornet last evening, but to save me I couldn’t get the right pitch on it.

Bratte—Couldn’t you get the window open?

Flatte—What’s the window got to do with it?

Bratte—Well, the right pitch would have been through that.